



## OUR LATEST EDITION.

We beg to announce that a Late Edition of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING NEWS, containing all Sporting Matters of Interest up to Friday night is now on.

SATURDAY MORNING.  
In time for the early Morning Train.

## OUR RACING PROPHETIES.

Great difficulty is being experienced in procuring complete programmes of the various race meetings in time for publication in our Early Edition; but readers who are desirous of obtaining our opinions upon the likely results of forthcoming races will be kind enough to refer to the Second Edition, published on Friday evening.

## TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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## TO OUR READERS.

The Proprietors will be obliged to those friends who will forward Photographs of sporting exhibitions, or of animals, old or modern, for insertion in the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING NEWS. The greater care will be taken of the subjects sent, and they will be returned as soon as possible. All expenses will be defrayed for carriage &c.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PEDESTRIANISM.—Prasor.—Most decidedly; Green must have the B.B.—Mr. Jackson ran 11 miles in 10 hours.

Mr. Lister.—Your communication shall appear in our next.

RINN.—Northern Contests (Ireland).—Certainly not. Young Broome is only an assumed name; his proprieator is Evans.

T. E. Houghton No. 11, Albion-Place, Shoreditch.—There will always exist a man present at Shireeves at the time in question with Howe and Cushing's prints.

J. J. W. (Wigan).—If you will furnish us an original portrait of Beddoe, the same shall be duly and faithfully returned, when copied for reproduction in our paper. Is your other question? It is a mere matter of fancy; and while you are strongly inclined to credit the Nottinghamshire Phenomenon, with no dispositions to do him justice, we would nevertheless view the other as a shade the superior of the two. Much obliged for your communication, and shall always be glad to hear from you in confidence upon sporting topics.

TURE.—F.—We believe the parson trustworthy, but we know nothing of them personally. We have asked for an explanation, and will doubtless receive it.

MISCELLANEOUS.—F. J. BAKER.—Many thanks; glad to avail ourselves of your offer.

\* Several other questions, which did not arrive until late, stand over till our next.

## NOTICE.

We will not insert reports, correspondence, and challenges unless authenticated by the name and address of the senders. This is not necessarily for publication, but for protection against libel.

\* All correspondence, racing, challenge, and questions requiring answers, &c., should be addressed "Editor." Advertising, &c., in columns of the paper, should be addressed "Manager," and all letters concerning the publication of the paper should be addressed "Publisher." By observing these particular correspondents will facilitate our arrangements and consult their own conveniences.

## ILLUSTRATED SPORTING NEWS.

SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1863.

## THE TURF.

## RACING FIXTURES FOR 1863.

## APRIL.

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## NEWMARKET CRAVEN REFLECTIONS.

The Craven meeting, after all, was not a very brilliant one, either

in point of abundance or the quality of the sport. We missed, too, the presence of a great many of the old *habitués* of the turf, the most remarkable being the absence of Mr. Jackson, the northern levitation specialist, who was unfortunately on an extensive tour of friends at Ovan House, on the occasion of the Catterick Bridge races.

The trainer, was there owing to a severe attack of inflammation in the lungs; and old John Scott, who was very hospitable and loyal on the royal wedding day, was kept at home by a "game leg."

Count La Grange and Count Nivelle, with a number of others from *la belle France*, were on the heights; and not only related George Fordham to ride *Hector* for the Two Thousand, but were endeavouring to get him on to some horse for the Derby. They have failed in their object so far. Fred Crouch, formerly with Lord Warwick, was present, none the worse for his recent and rather prolonged sojourn on the Continent, and it transpired that he had succeeded in effecting an arrangement to ride light weight for Mr. G. Bryan, whose stable is looking up.

The latter gentleman got Joe Saxon "on the hip" early on Monday for £35,000 even. *Fantastic vs. Jersey* for the Derby! It was rumoured on the heats that Mr. S. Safford, of Brighton, had recently "gone to a long home" dying abroad, where he had gone for the benefit of his health; and John Day was reported to be "amiss." The Atherton-Shrewsbury affair was freely discussed, and it was whispered about, too, that the Oaks filly, *The Orphan*, was prostrated by virulent influenza. The weather at Newmarket was delightfully enjoyable, albeit the course was rather harder in places than agreeable to some "poor feet," and the dust swept occasionally in clouds.

Romanoff, who won the Craven Plate, will have to be looked after during the season, being a good-shaped one, not half fat at present, and goes a great pace.

The most important feature in Monday's running was the inglorious manner in which the Derby outsider, *Jersey*, cut up;

for the sister of *Loco* (*Water Kelpie*) had him in distress at the bushes, and cantered right away from the brute—so that all the

Surrey money is gone. The clever manner in which *Fantastic* bowled

Livingstone over again, even easier in fact than at Northampton, caused the former to be backed freely for the Derby at 1,000 to 15; but the wretched form shown by *Beauval* in the D.M.C. Handicap lowered his colours significantly to Gold Dust that he was sent clean out of the Chester Cup market; and another surprise turned up in the Three-Year-Old Biennial, a trio of outsiders beating the crack *Ossander*, so easily that Lord Stamford's chance for the Derby looks anything but rosy now. In short, the stable is on the wane, and the Beddoe's lot were bad ones. Baron Rothchild's stable was in good form throughout the week; King of the Vale finding supporters for the Two Thousand by his Monday's easy triumph; and it is a pity that Sister to *Wing* is not engaged in some of the big events, for she is a rare mare, and disposed of *Cassilda* with perfect ease, odds of 4 to 1 being freely offered on the latter before starting, and 20 to 1 during the time the quartette were running. So much for turf certainties! To the very last Lord Glasgow and Mr. George Payne stuck to the Physalis colt for the Newmarket Handicap, but Beddoe's party was a strong one, owing to his private defeat of Umpire and Rubicon; so that at the finish there was only a point between them. Eighteen of them competed, and came in a cluster from the post; but the majority were beaten at the hill, the favourite "cracking" two distances from home, and leaving the race to *Belouin*, *Watchman*, and *Fairwater*, the first-mentioned (having the other two on the lower ground) ultimately winning cleverly by a length and a half. That there must have been a great mistake committed by Tom Dawson with the Physalis colt is now certain, for Makishust must have been entirely out of form when they were tried early last week. We discarded him simply because we thought the trial horses were not good enough to rely upon; and it is more than strange that the colt was not tested by *Anonymous* and *Clorisimus*. Still, we did not like to desert him entirely, therefore selected him, with Beddoe and *Umpire*, to beat the field. They were FIRST, FOURTH, and FIFTH!

Our principal reason for standing Beddoe was because Mr. Ten Brock could not get the horse in anywhere else so light an import; and while the American had quickly nibbled at the horse, whom it remained, he purchased for £1,500 from Fred Swindles, who had an immense stake on him when the horse was left at the post last autumn at Doncaster. Of course Attaman was selected by us on the strength of the Great Northamptonshire Stake; form; and, though we were quite prepared to see Fairwater run a great mare, for she was never so well as now, we could not realise the fact that she would again beat Mr. Sutton's horse, meeting him, as she did, upon so many pounds worse terms.

## EPSOM SPRING MEETING.

The usual April sports on the Surrey Downs take place next Thursday and Friday, when a special betting enclosure will be made for the members of Tattersall's, to whom the legitimate bookmakers from those pests of the ring, "the wagers," are writing nearly a week prior to the events coming on for decision, ascertain upon the various events must necessarily be brief, as time and the "intentions" of owners may entirely upset the best calculations.

There can be no question it will take a very good horse indeed to beat *Molly Carew* for the Two-year-old Stake on the opening day, and we question very much if the same can be found out of the fifty entries that are registered for the race. *Northmerar*, too, ought to win the half mile match with Don't-care late.

The City and Suburban Handicap will draw a large field from the following excellent acceptance list:

	Trained by	at	Trained by	at
1. Asteroid . . . . .	Manning	2	Portland . . . . .	Day
2. Cape Flyaway . . . . .	Goodwin	2	Dundonnell . . . . .	Watson
3. Cape Flyaway . . . . .	J. Scott	2	Eruess . . . . .	Watson
4. Brown Duchess . . . . .	Zachary	2	Alazonnia . . . . .	Zachary
5. Croath Patrick . . . . .	Oliver	2	Malibou . . . . .	Zachary
6. Feud a Joli . . . . .	Goddard	2	Weatherby . . . . .	Taylor
7. Four Eyes . . . . .	Goddard	2	Four Eyes . . . . .	Taylor
8. (See Sir John) Armada . . . . .	Foster	2	Four Eyes . . . . .	Taylor
9. Umpire . . . . .	Pryor	2	Escapa . . . . .	Taylor
10. Windrake . . . . .	Goodwin	2	Alazonnia . . . . .	Taylor
11. Windrake . . . . .	Manning	2	Alazonnia . . . . .	Taylor
12. Wisterville . . . . .	Goodwin	2	Admiral . . . . .	Hughes
13. Welland . . . . .	Goodwin	2	His Excellency . . . . .	Watson
14. Exchequer . . . . .	Watson	2	Belgrave . . . . .	Watson
15. Royal Standard . . . . .	Watson	2	Four Eyes . . . . .	Taylor
16. Henham Lass . . . . .	John Scott	2	Four Eyes . . . . .	Taylor
17. Benjamina . . . . .	Jennings	2	Admiral . . . . .	Hughes
18. Atica, aged (French) . . . . .	Jennings	2	Admiral . . . . .	Hughes
19. Cleo . . . . .	Goodwin	2	Belgrave . . . . .	Watson
20. Joey Joyce . . . . .	Watson	2	Victor . . . . .	Taylor
21. Brighton . . . . .	Reeves	2	Summerside . . . . .	Oates
22. Buckenham . . . . .	W. Goater	2	Delta . . . . .	Watson
23. Turn of Luck . . . . .	W. Goater	2	Delta . . . . .	Watson
24. Fig . . . . .	Foy	2	Coupon . . . . .	Treen
25. Four Eyes . . . . .	Goodwin	2	Delta . . . . .	Watson
26. Overton . . . . .	Goodwin	2	Delta . . . . .	Watson
27. M. Phillipi, aged . . . . .	Hughes	2	Delta . . . . .	Watson
28. Provocative . . . . .	Jones	2	Delta . . . . .	Watson
29. King of Italy . . . . .	Goodwin	2	Delta . . . . .	Watson
30. Bluebeard . . . . .	Goodwin	2	Delta . . . . .	Watson
31. Mrs. Somersby-Giles . . . . .	Stirling	2	Delta . . . . .	Watson
32. Queen of Spain . . . . .	Goodwin	2	Delta . . . . .	Watson
33. Mrs. Somersby-Giles . . . . .	Stirling	2	Delta . . . . .	Watson
34. Queen of Spain . . . . .	Goodwin	2	Delta . . . . .	Watson
35. Mrs. Somersby-Giles . . . . .	Stirling	2	Delta . . . . .	Watson
36. Mrs. Somersby-Giles . . . . .	Stirling	2	Delta . . . . .	Watson
37. Jack of Newbury . . . . .	Stirling	2	Delta . . . . .	Watson
38. Jack of Hearts . . . . .	Watson	2	Delta . . . . .	Watson
39. Miss Match . . . . .	Watson	2	Delta . . . . .	Watson
40. Mrs. Gladstone . . . . .	Watson	2	Delta . . . . .	Watson
41. Mrs. Gladstone . . . . .	Watson	2	Delta . . . . .	Watson
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135. Mrs. Gladstone . . . . .	Watson	2	Delta . . . . .	Watson
136. Mrs. Gladstone . . . . .	Watson	2	Delta . . . . .	Watson
137. Mrs. Gladstone . . . . .	Watson	2	Delta . . .	



## MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL.

METROPOLITAN.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The season commenced at this house on Tuesday evening with the glorious "Masaniello," and a large and brilliant audience assembled to witness the performance. The theatre, not before it required it, has undergone thorough repair, and re-decoration, and now presents an appearance far more beautiful than it did even on its opening night. The opera was preceded by the National Anthem, sung by the chorus singing with great effect, and was received with strong enthusiasm. The audience were willing to be pleased, and the really magnificent performance of the brilliant overture drew down such a storm of applause that the conductor had no alternative but to repeat it. The enthusiasm thus excited must, we imagine, have been even more gratifying to Signor Costa than the vociferous greeting which hailed his first appearance in the orchestra. We have certainly never heard the overture executed with such wonderful force and precision. The accompaniments throughout the opera were admirably rendered; the chief solo performers acquitting themselves to perfection in their various tasks, and the first clarinet player particularly distinguishing himself. The choristers, too, were most superb. Nothing could be more spirited than their rendering of the lively and bustling music of the seashore and market scenes, while the firm and steady singing gave a very impressive effect to the celebrated unaccompanied and well-known prayer. The scenery is the same as last year, nor could it possibly be improved. As the hero, M. Naudin was most favourably received by the audience, his stirring duet with M. Fauro, the "Pietro" of the evening, being encored with striking enthusiasm. M. Fauro is a great improvement on Signor Graziani in the character of Pietro, and was much applauded. Mille. Battia was again the clever Elvira, Signor Baraldi the careful Alfonso, and Mille. Salvioni the graceful exponent of the dumb girl Penella's sufferings. The musical ballet introduced two new dandies, Milles. Montero and Durio, who will prove decided acquisitions. To-night, Saturday, Mille. Fioratta, a débutante, will appear in the opera of "I Puritani," the cast of which will also include Signor Ronconi, whose return will be welcomed.

## DRURY-LANE.

Mr. E. FAUCONER thinks that the resurrection of "Peep o' Day" will serve to fill Drury-lane as it once did the Lyceum, but we disagree with him, and imagine that he will find his Easter novelty (?) answer admirably in having sufficient room for breathing and sitting comfortably in all parts of the house—a desideratum in the hot weather now so rapidly approaching. "Magic Toys" is the other piece. Both pieces are admirably played by a good working company.

## HAYMARKET.

As we announced in our last week's issue, this theatre was filled on the occasion of Mr. Sothern's farewell benefit—a farewell, however, which players will be glad to learn is only for a season. The long-sustained and still increasing popularity of Mr. Sothern's marvellous impersonation of Lord Dundreary is a dramatic phenomenon—yet it can cause no surprise to those who comprehend the real merits of the performance. It is not only irresistibly humorous, but psychologically true. Not that Lord Dundreary is to be looked upon as a special type of aristocratical imbecility. He is a lord is a mere dramatic accident, for his intellectual kindred are to be found in every class, his middle-headed logic, his reasoning rightly from wrong premises, sometimes reasoning wrongly from right ones—is reflected constantly in Parliament, on the platform, and in the drawing-room; and it is to the recognition of the fidelity to nature of this, and to its overwhelming妙ery that the great and legitimate success of his performance must be fairly ascribed. At the end of "Our American Cousin," in which he played as admirably as ever, Mr. Sothern came forward in obedience to an enthusiastic call, and spoke as follows:—"It affords me infinite gratification, ladies and gentlemen, to receive so very heavy a tribute at your hands upon the occasion of this my 35th performance of the character of 'Dundreary.' After so lengthened and continuous a representation it might fairly have become unpalatable, but your happy presence and enthusiasm to-night indicate that even further doses might be administered with safety. (Isr., hear, and laughter.) However, I have felt that a change of air and scene would be desirable, and on Monday next I commence an engagement in my native town of Liverpool. Under these circumstances, fate wills us to be strangers until Christmas next. You may then perhaps extend your generous favour to—Brother Sam' (great expression of approval); but mind, if successful, he may inundate you with the entire family—father, mother, sister, brother, nurse, and a terrific chain of cousins. (Loud laughter.) Amongst the innumerable reports which are constantly going of in society, one is that 'The Lord Dundreary' is going into a galloping consumption. He is going into nothing of the kind. Does he look like it? (Roars of laughter, and a bit of it.) I beg confidently to intimate, as one knowing something of the matter, that he never was better in all his life. (Surve you right and lefting) Perhaps I may refer incidentally to his lordship's birth. He was born, then, oddly enough—a (laugh)—not that it was odd that he was born, but he was oddly enough—(the laugh was here was excessive)—neither was he portly—but in the usual way. (Great laughter.) However, oddly enough, he was born on the 1st of April—yes on the 1st of April—(surprised laughter)—the day on which he now, for a time, takes his familiar place with a grateful and deeply-marked remembrance of your great and distinguished patronage.—Mr. Sothern then retired, and another outburst of continued applause brought him, for the third time before his admirers; but he merely gave a Dundreary chuckle, and shaking his right hand to the audience, like the flapping of the wings of an idiotic sea gull, said quaintly, "Bless you! bless you!" As every one has seen Dundreary, every one can imagine how intense was the merriment which this benediction excited.

On Monday last Miss L. Angel made a most successful début in "Much Ado about Nothing," sustaining the part of Beatrice with great ability, and receiving from a crowded house the most marked expressions of approval. Miss Angel is a decided acquisition to the London boards, and will doubtless creditably occupy the position which has been left open since the death of Miss. Nisbett. The Easter novelty was a well-painted panorama of the Holy Land, produced by Mr. Tebin and his son. It was received, as it deserved to be, with acclamations of delight. It was introduced by a well-written sketch by Mr. Stirring Coyne, entitled "Backstone at Home," in which the popular manager, and his entire company, appear in *propria persona*, and afterwards in the parts intimately associated with their names. The affair is neatly written, and having many telling hits at topics of the day, created much laughter and applause. We were glad to note the hall was well filled, and that there is a probability of the present bill of fare remaining long in the bills.

## PRINCESS'S.

The coming of Easter occasioned the production of two novelties at this house. The first, an adaptation by Mr. J. Morton, entitled "Killing Time," is one of those flimsy and thin, but pleasing, *moreauze*, we so continually see announced in the bills as "from the French." The plot is briefly this:—A lady who has been shut up for seven weeks in a country residence by the rain, seeing a gentleman sheltering in her gateway, invites him, in order to get a little society, into her house. He is anxious to borrow an umbrella, and makes his way to the Drury-lane station, but she discovering he is an engineer and as been in the Crimea, demands him to oblige her with an account of the siege of Sebastopol. Suddenly, the rain leaving off and there being a promise of fair weather, the lady is as anxious to get rid of him as she was in instant to keep him. He, discovering this, resolves to punish her by subjecting her to a little fright, and so pretends to be a notorious housebreaker who has been creating terror in the neighbourhood, and therupon proceeds to narrate his life to

her, and make her an offer of his love. His end effected, he is about to depart, when they discover they are a couple who were intended for each other by their mutual friends, the Tomkinsons, whom they expect by the next train from Dover, whereupon there is no objection to carry out their friends' intention, so take hands and the curtain falls. This trifling over its success entirely to the acting of Miss Sedgwick and Mr. G. Vining, the latter of whom—especially in his assumption of the housebreaker, after the old Victoria standard—exhibited a piece of rich extravagance which raised a hearty roar of laughter. A more meritorious contribution was the novelty that followed, from the pen of Mr. Byron, in the shape of a burlesque, called "Beautiful Haidée," which, as the bills tell us, is a pasticcio of the well-known episode in "Don Juan," the ballad of "Lord Bateman," and the legend of "Lurline." The writing of this burlesque displays many touches of genuine humour, and a pleasant exuberance throughout, which belong to the soul of extravaganza. In addition to this, it has the merit that its structure has permitted the introduction of some graceful spectacle, so that in one or two of the scenes—those of the Mermaids' Haunt especially—this comic effusion almost rises to the level of a fairy drama. The first scene represents "The Shore of a Grecian Island after a Storm," where we are introduced to the beautiful Haidée and her pretty "parlour-maid," Zoë, sadly in want of some society, and more especially of the rougher sex, when they meet the so complaisant as to bear a wrist and cast at their feet the English nobleman, Lord Bateman, and his devoted cast and companion. Love instantly ensues between the two couple, and is followed by a playful parody on the garden scene of "The Lady of Lyons," which, however, has been done to death by Mr. Byron on former occasions; and we are then carried to an apartment in the palace of Lambros, the father of Haidée, and a retired pirate, who happens to be dreadfully in debt, and more especially to Desperado, the captain of the Salee Rovers, who presently makes his appearance, and not finding he can get his money, is about to assassinate his debtor, when Haidée enters to prevent him, and finds herself struck instead. Demanding the young lady's hand, and a sum paid in full for his account, and being refused, he carries her off; and we are then introduced to the deck of the rover's vessel, where we have Desperado and his prisoners, and a pleasant burlesque of the slave sale scene of the "Octocean," and where, when Haidée and her companion are about to be disposed of, her anxious "parent" and the English lord rush in, and effect a general rescue, as well as a needed reformation. My Lord Bateman returns to his allegiance to Haidée, and Desperado, tired of roving, offers his hand and wealth to Coratie.

The acting of this burlesque was excellent throughout. Miss M. Oliver, as the Haidée, played and sang with spirit and gracefulness. Miss Murray, as Lord Bateman, was a very winning suitor; Miss Hudspeth a pert little tiger, and Miss Helen Howard an engaging sea-nymph. Mr. Belmore, as the captain of the rovers, was a very superb specimen of the ruffian equally accessible to the influence of gold and the tender passion. Mr. Moreland, as the negro Muley, was a darkly worthy of a band of melemedists, and Mr. C. Seyton, as the old pirate Lambros, made his efforts very humorous. The scenery has been brilliantly painted with spirit and gracefulness. Miss Murray, as Lord Bateman, was a very winning suitor; Miss Hudspeth a pert little tiger, and Miss Helen Howard an engaging sea-nymph. Mr. Belmore, as the captain of the rovers, was a very superb specimen of the ruffian equally accessible to the influence of gold and the tender passion. 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Compton, Chippendale, Stirling, Coyne, Creswick, E. L. Blanchard, A. Swanborough, sen., H. Howe, Henry Huggins, J. Pawle, &c. &c. A large number of ladies occupied seats on the dais and in the gallery at the foot of the hall. The musical arrangements, which contributed in a large degree to the pleasure of the evening, were under the direction of Mr. Coote; the artistes, all of whom gave their services gratuitously, being Mrs. Howard Paul, Miss Eyles, Miss Julia Coote, Miss Edith Wynne, Mr. W. J. Fielding, Mr. R. Barnby, Mr. Donald King, Mr. T. Lawler, Mr. James Coward, Mr. Walworth, Mr. J. Balsh Chatterton, and Mr. Thomas.

The cloth having been drawn and grace sung,

The CHAIRMAN called on the company to honour in bumpers the health of her Majesty. (Cheers.) He was aware that nothing he might say could add to the enthusiasm with which the toast would be received, but he had the gratification of informing them that her Majesty had again renewed her munificent annual donation of £100 in aid of the fund. (Cheers.)

The toast was drunk with every demonstration of enthusiasm and loyalty.

The CHAIRMAN, in proposing the health of the Prince and Princess of Wales, coupled also with that of the rest of the Royal family, expressed a hope, in which he was sure all would agree, that never might the Prince and Princess and the great true-hearted English people be less worthy of one another, or less at peace with one another than they were on that day when all ages, all classes, all conditions, had gathered in myriads in their honour—the most graceful marriage procession which either poet, painter, or sculptor had ever conceived. (Cheers.) The toast was drunk with all the honours.

The toast of the Army and Navy having been duly honoured, and responded to by Captain Ward,

The CHAIRMAN rose to propose the toast of the evening. He said: Ladies and Gentlemen, with my present responsibilities impending over me, I happened the other night, as I sat alone, to be reading a paper in "The Tatler," referring to the time when Mr. Powell's company of performing puppets was in high vogue with persons of quality. In that number of "The Tatler" that brilliant essayist gives a humorous description of a contest then raging between two ladies at Bath—Prudentia and Florinel—to which of them should set the fashion to the greatest number of imitators. In the course of this noble struggle Florinel bespoke "Alexander the Great" to be acted by the players, and Prudentia bespake "The Creation of the World" to be acted by the puppets—(laughter)—at the same time darkly putting it round, for the confusion and ridicule of her rival, that the puppet Eve, whom I suppose to have been but indifferently modelled, would be found to be in figure the most like Florinel that ever was seen. (Laughter.) Now, what were the missing charms, what were the defective points in this wooden lady's anatomy, does not appear; otherwise I should have had the honour of delicately stating them to this company; but it does appear that his worship the Mayor inclined to the wooden side of the question, and that on high moral grounds he greatly preferred those innocent creatures the puppets, to those wicked players. (Laughter.) Now, ladies and gentlemen, as I have a profound veneration for mayors and such like—(laughter)—this sentiment caused me to close the book, and to consider how much we should gain if there were no masters now but Mr. Powell, and if there were no actors now but puppets. (Laughter.) In the first place (and on the immense advantages to be reaped here) I have no doubt we shall be all agreed), there would be no fund, no dinner, no chairman, no speech. (Laughter.) Then on Saturdays there would be no treasury, although I am told that that great point has occasionally been gained even under the existing régime—(laughter)—there would never be any throwing up parts, there would never be any colds, there would never be any little jealousies or dissensions; the two ladies might dress for any length of time in the same room, without the remotest danger of ever coming to words; and the loftiest tragedian that ever was or will be might be doubled up, with his legs round his neck, and put away in the same box with the redded-nosed and the most flowered-waisted of the comic contrivances. (Laughter.) Now these I consider to myself were the points to be gained. On the other hand, there would be human interests to be lost, there would be the human face to be lost, which, after all, does stand for a little; and last, not least, there would be that immense amount of comfort and satisfaction to be lost which a large number of well-meaning persons constitutionally derive from slightly disparaging those who entertain them. (Cheers and laughter.) Now, this last high moral gratification, this cheap, this complacent self-assertion, I felt could not possibly be parted with; and, therefore, I quickly came to the conclusion that we must have those wicked players after all. (Cheers and laughter.) Now, ladies and gentlemen, it is an astonishing thing to me that there should be, and that there is, in a part of what we call the world, which certainly is in the main a kind, good, natural, always steadily improving world, this curious propensity to run up a little score against, and, as it were, to even with those who amuse or beguile them. "That man in the farce last night made me laugh so much," says Portman Square, Esq., at breakfast, "that I hope there may be nothing absolutely wrong about him, but I begin to think this morning there must be." (Laughter.) "My dear," says Mr. Baron Hill to Mrs. Baron Hill, "I was so profoundly affected at the theatre last night, and I felt it so very difficult to repress my sobs when the poor mad king listened in vain for the breathing of his dead daughter, that I really feel it due to myself rather to patronise that gentleman this morning. I feel it is a kind of compensation to myself to regard him as an extraordinary man, having no recognised business that can be found in the 'Post Office Directory.' (Laughter.) I feel it necessary to put up with him, as it were, as a kind of unaccountable creature, who has no counting-house anywhere; in short, to bear with him as a sort of marvellous child in a Shaksperian go-cart." (Hoars of laughter.) Now, ladies and gentlemen, this is quite true, in a greater or less degree, I think, of all artists; but it is particularly true of the dramatic artist, and it is to me a source of wonder why it should be so. Surely, it cannot be because he dresses himself up for his part, for, as you all know very well, there is an enormous amount of dressing and making-up going on in high stations all around us. I never saw more nakedness in the poorest country theatre than I can see in the House of Commons any night when there is a message from the Lords—(laughter)—and I assure you, on my personal veracity, that I have known a Lord Chancellor at twenty-five shillings a week, who, in his wig and robes, looked the part infinitely better than the real article. (Much laughter.) Ladies and gentlemen, I think the secret cannot lie here. I think the truth is, that this harmless disposition occupies a little quiet, out-of-the-corner of our nature; and I think it a little ungracious, and a little dangerous, and certainly more so, than it is meant to be; and I always, whether in public or in private, on principle steadily oppose myself to it, for this reason, which I have endeavoured to explain to you. Mr. Dickens then proceeded to make a powerful appeal on behalf of the Fund, and concluded by saying: "For the remembrance of that feeling which has existed from your childhood until now—by the remembrance of that long glorious row of wonderful lamps—by the remembrance of that mysterious curtain—by the remembrance of those enchanted people behind it—I entreat you not to go out into Great Queen-street by and by without saying that you have done something for our festive fairyland which has done so much for you." (Loud cheering.) Ladies and gentlemen, I beg to propose to you 'The Royal General Theatrical Fund.'

The toast was drunk standing, with three times three.

Mr. BUCKSTROE, who was received with much cheering, said: Ladies and Gentlemen—if there is any one circumstance that can make our festival of to-day more successful, more cheerful, and, I hope, more profitable, than any of its seventeen predecessors, it is in the auspicious fact of the chair being occupied on this occasion by Mr. Charles Dickens. To see his face here again, to listen to his well-known voice once more, most certainly illustrates the frequently repeated ex-

clamation, when long-separated friends have met, "Why, this looks like old times;" and so it does, and, in one sense, quite refutes the assertion that we cannot recall the past, for with his presence, and with that of so many of our old supporters of the General Theatrical Fund, we do recall the past, and that, too, in the pleasantest and most genial way. (Cheers.) It is, however, necessary that I should explain the chief cause of Mr. Dickens being our chairman to-night, as to omit that explanation would be unjust to so highly gifted a gentleman who was to have held that position this evening. Some months ago it was decided by the committee of our Fund to solicit the aid of Mr. Wilkie Collins, with which solicitation he complied in the most prompt and in the kindest manner; but in the course of time he was seized with an illness so serious that he was utterly prostrated. He wrote to acquaint me of it, though he still hoped to be here, and said that "if he could but stand on his legs he would keep his promise." At last, not finding his health restored, he was compelled, much against his will, to declare the impossibility of his being able to attend. The time for this festival was fast approaching, and what to do the directors did not know. In this emergency we applied to Mr. Dickens, who kindly consented to come to the rescue, and, happily, here he is, and here we are. Though I must inform you that Mr. Collins, in his last communication, told me he looked upon his attendance as deferred, and, therefore, we still indulge in the hope of seeing him present at some future time; while nothing, gentlemen, can give a greater proof of the good feeling of Mr. Dickens towards our Fund than to tell you that this is the third time he has occupied the chair on this occasion, and we all of us heartily hope it may not be the last. (Cheers.) We have now eighteen annuitants, receiving from thirty to ninety pounds per annum; of those eighteen you will be pleased to hear that fourteen are ladies, while the entire number are living in comparative comfort on what they are entitled to, and blessing the day when they first became subscribers to our Fund. During the past year we have paid to these annuitants no less a sum than £2802 10s., while, after meeting many necessary expenses, which are set forth in our balance sheet, our invested capital, after this night is over, will not fall far short of £13,000. But, gentlemen, we are still compelled to be careful and cautious, and still compelled to call upon your generous aid in every way in our power; for, over and above these eighteen annuitants, we shall shortly have five more eligible, and who will most probably claim their incomes. (Cheers.) And now, gentlemen, to stimulate you to be liberal to-night, I have only to inform you that our good and gracious Queen still remembers the poor player, and that her sixteenth annual contribution of £100 has been received. (Cheers.) Then is there not hope for the drama, and hope for its professors, when a monarch in the midst of such affliction as she has suffered can send forth her aid to "us youth," and encourage us to go on and prosper; and is there not still further hope when we look to the Prince of Wales, and see often how he has visited the theatres recently? Is there not hope in knowing that he, like his illustrious and lamented father, is fond of us? So is our Queen, his much beloved mother, whom at no distant date we trust and pray to see again amongst us. So was his great grandfather, George III, fond of the play; and to see the Prince like them, and following their example, is indeed a "joy" for a long time, if not "for ever." For what, gentlemen, would become of the noble drama of our country—what would become of the cheerfulness of the country if we had upon the throne a serious sovereign? That there is a party that would be glad of such a gloomy period we well know; but what that party?—of what manner of meet is it composed? Why, of a class of miserable people, who would deprive the hard-working public of fields and fresh air on a Sunday, and on that day, too, would have the audacity to "rob a poor man of his beer." (Applause.) And now, gentlemen, there is a subject I would delicately touch upon, because I think the time is coming when what I would suggest must be done. You all know there are two large and wealthy dramatic funds, those of Drury-lane and Covent-garden, possessing between them nearly £200,000. The members of these funds are fast dying off, and from the position of the two theatres, one of them no longer having anything to do with the drama, it is not likely that there will be many more claimants upon their capital. Then, what is to become of it? I certainly know a bold and hearty gentleman connected with one of these funds who maintains it to be a tontine, and, as he means to live all the rest of the members, looks forward to the happy day when he can pocket the entire capital for his own use. (Laughter.) But, gentlemen, if the resources of these two large funds could be amalgamated with those of the General Fund, the Dramatic Sick Fund, and above all with the Dramatic College, what might not be done with such an amount of money? If it be not done, in a very few years the large capital of the Drury-lane and Covent-garden funds will be lost to the dramatic profession, and the labours of such men as David Garrick, and the great actors and gentlemen who founded them, will have come to an ignominious end. (Cheers.) But, gentlemen, my vocation this evening is to plead to you in behalf of the fund you have come to serve, and on behalf of the members of a profession that you all admire; for, if I could read the secrets of your hearts, I know I could point out many here who at some time or other in their lives have had a fancy for the stage, or who have at least had a turn for dramatic writing. I know when I was not seventeen years of age I wrote a tragedy myself, all in blank verse, and which I had the temerity to send to the great tragedian of that day, the illustrious Edmund Kean—(applause)—whose opinion was that my subject was too repellent for representation—(laughter); but shortly after, on becoming an actor myself in a barn at Hastings, this tragedian was lodging at a cottage on the coast of that town for the purpose of studying a new part. He recognised the young tragic poet, and, as my benefit was announced at that time, he called at the theatre, took two box tickets of me, and gave me £10 guineas for them. And, gentlemen, when I plead in behalf of the members of the stage and of the theatre I am pleading in behalf of an institution which you have often told me an instructor. But remember, it is not only an instructor—it not only elevates the mind, exposes folly, and cultivates the fancy, but it is a physician, and I can assure you by an anecdote. Eighteen years ago, when our first festival was given, Mr. Charles Dickens was our chairman on that occasion, as he now is. It took place on a Monday in Passion week. I was at Drury-lane on the previous Saturday, and staying at the theatre there on that evening. The house was well filled, particularly the dress boxes, but with oceans of that part of the house, instead of being listless or inattentive, as they sometimes are in the London theatres, were unanimous in their laughter and loud in their applause, every joke or humorous passage was taken by them with immense expressions of delight, and the play "went off," as it is termed, triumphantly. At the end of it I remarked to the manager what an excellent audience it had been, and how every point was understood and appreciated, but particularly by the parties in the dress boxes; they laughed louder than any other persons in the theatre. "Yes," replied the manager, "they did enjoy themselves amazingly. Do you know what they all are?" "No," I answered. "Well, sir," said he, "they are all mad people." (Laughter.) It is the system of our doctor at the lunatic asylum here to amuse his patients in every way in his power, and he had taken pretty well all the seats in the dress circle, and brought them here to entertain them, and afterwards the doctor informed me how much his party had been delighted, and how he was sure their coming to the play would do them a great deal of good." (Increased laughter.) Gentlemen, seeing the ladies still seated by themselves, and cruelly parted from our sides, I must tell you it is yet an undecided point whether in future they shall not sit down and dine with us; but as I have promised to be chairman next Ash Wednesday, at another Dramatic Fund dinner, where ladies do sit down, I shall have an opportunity of observing how the system works—(laughter)—and if I find it very comfortable, as I am certain I shall, I intend to recommend the directors of our Fund to do the same thing, and then you can bring your wives and sweethearts, and by your liberal

donations prove to them what noble and generous hearts you have given or have to bestow upon them. (Cheers.) And now, gentlemen, I have told you what we do with our money; you have seen, or can see, our balance-sheet, you can be convinced that every penny we receive and expend is put down, and that all our accounts are kept in a clear, honest, and straightforward way, and that so far from the actor being, as is vulgarly supposed, by some persons, an impudent and careless person, you will find him to be in matters of business a very good match for many of our City gentlemen; therefore, knowing what we are, knowing the object for which we have and here to-night, I am convinced, when our polite stewards stand at your elbows with their little scraps of paper for you to fill up, you will largely and freely "put the coal." (Loud cheers.)

The next toast was "The Drama," with which the Chairman coupled the name of Mr. Alfred Wiggin.

Mr. WIGGIN, in a few humorous and well-turned sentences, complained that the chairman should have forgotten his character for humanity, and been guilty of the cruelty of calling on him, at ten minutes' notice, to speak to a subject that would require years to expatiate upon. (Laughter.) He was not aware that he had ever done the chairman any harm in his life. (Laughter.) He believed that some years ago he acted in a piece which he wrote, but however had the performance might have been, it was so long ago that he might have forgotten him. (Laughter.) There was an old Scotch woman who lived to a great age, but who was somewhat discontented with her lot. It was represented to her that she had a great deal to be thankful for. She was nearly ninety; she had had a large family of good and dutiful children; she had had excellent health up to the time of her mortal illness. All this was represented to her, and she admitted all this, but she said, "Eh, Minister, he has taken it out of me in corns." (Laughter.) In the same manner, much as he admired, much as he esteemed, much as he was indebted to Mr. Dickens, he should say that on that occasion the chairman had taken it out of him in a speech. (Laughter.) It might be objected, perhaps, that at the present time the drama did not represent any very great specimens either of writers or of the interpreters of writers; but they should bear in mind that every great art had its periods of deficit. The drama, at all events, boasted of the name of Shakespeare was the greatest in the world; and although they might now have no Shakespeares and no Garricks, still they had amongst them very great writers and very great creators. Nay, more, they had in the chair a man, perhaps, who had created more eminences and called into existence more "creations" than any man since the days of Shakespeare; and although he had not thrown these creations into the dramatic form, he had still so cultivated, so formed, and so prepared the mind of his time, that when the Great Dramatist came he would find them prepared to receive him. (Cheers.)

Mrs. EDWARD YATES, in a highly eulogistic speech proposed the "Health of the Chairman."

The toast was drunk with three times three.

The CHURCHWARDEN briefly acknowledged the compliment, and proposed "The City of London" to Mr. Alderman Phillips.

Mr. ALDERMAN PHILLIPS acknowledged the toast in brief but suitable terms, and expressed the pleasure which he derived in taking part in the proceedings of the evening.

The toast of "The Ladies" followed, and the company separated shortly after eleven o'clock.

The subscriptions, which were announced by Mr. Cullenford, amounted to £376; the dinner sustained the reputation of the Freemasons' Tavern, and the duties of toast-master were efficiently discharged by Mr. Spencer.

## THINGS THEATRICAL IN AMERICA.

(From our Correspondent.)

New York, March 24th.

AMUSEMENTS have somewhat fallen off during the past week. The Copyright Law may have had something to do with it, for every man, woman, and child is interested in this impresario Act, which will take about one able-bodied man out of every household, and the law will thus be seen that two or three drabs will soon leave home but children and old men to manage our affairs. The people are pretty well disgusted with the way this unnatural civil war has been conducted all along; when they undertake to enforce the draft, this feeling will be manifested in more ways than one. This war is going to last just as long as there's money to be made, and "that's what's the matter!" It is a grand money-making speculation, and many of those holding high positions are lining their purses pretty well by it. There was a time when all our young men would rush to arms without any necessity for the detectable conscript system, but now it is a hard matter to get a single volunteer. The poor private is of little or no account; everybody wants to hold a commission, and unless everybody gets one everybody prefers staying at home.

As St. Patrick's Day is a perfect gala day in this city, there was an immense procession of Irish regiments and Irish societies, all rigged out in their best, with a green sprig in their hats. Generally it rains like sixty, especially for this occasion, but the 17th of March of '63 will be remembered as one of the most beautiful days we have had since last summer. Of balls, soirees, and parties on St. Patrick's night there were legion, and nearly all the theatres produced an Irish piece in the evening. There were no disturbances of any kind. Singularly enough it commenced raining just after midnight, so that all those bound to make a night of it, and not go home till morning, got pretty wet.

At the Academy of Music Italian opera is being tried, but it does not pay. Our domestic troubles upset the opera entirely; besides, they have not a man smart enough to "work the machine." When Jenny Lind first came to America the New York Herald was paid an enormous sum to praise the lady, and the Tribune just half the amount to abuse her; consequently, everybody got so interested in the matter that they determined to hear the Swedish Nightingale and judge for themselves. It worked like a charm, and no singer, before or since, has created the *furore* that Jenny Lind did.

Mrs. John Wood has finished her course at Laura Keene's Theatre, and Miss Laura Keene is the successor. She is playing a "farewell engagement," the bills say, but not for ever, as the lady is about to marry; and, consequently, everybody got so interested in the matter that they determined to hear the Swedish Nightingale and judge for themselves.

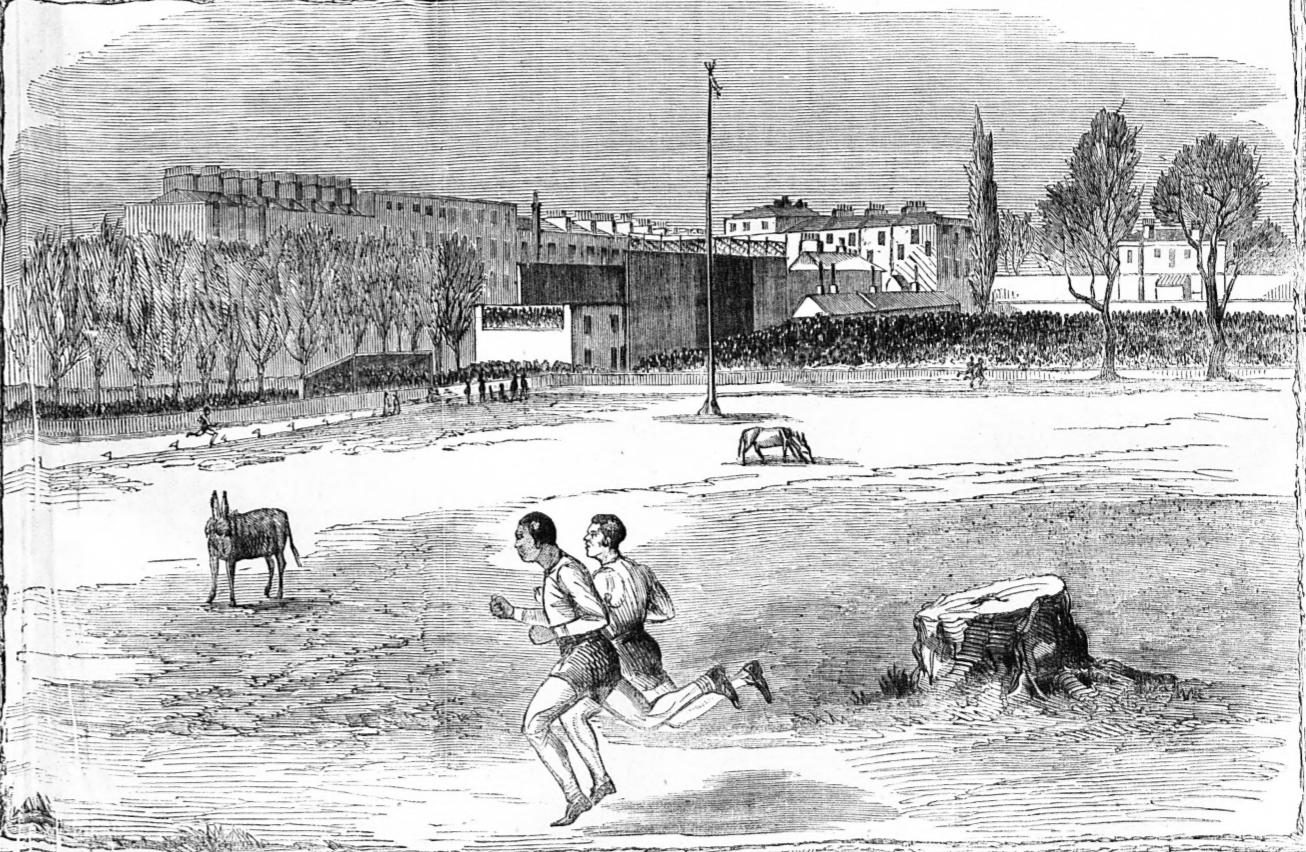
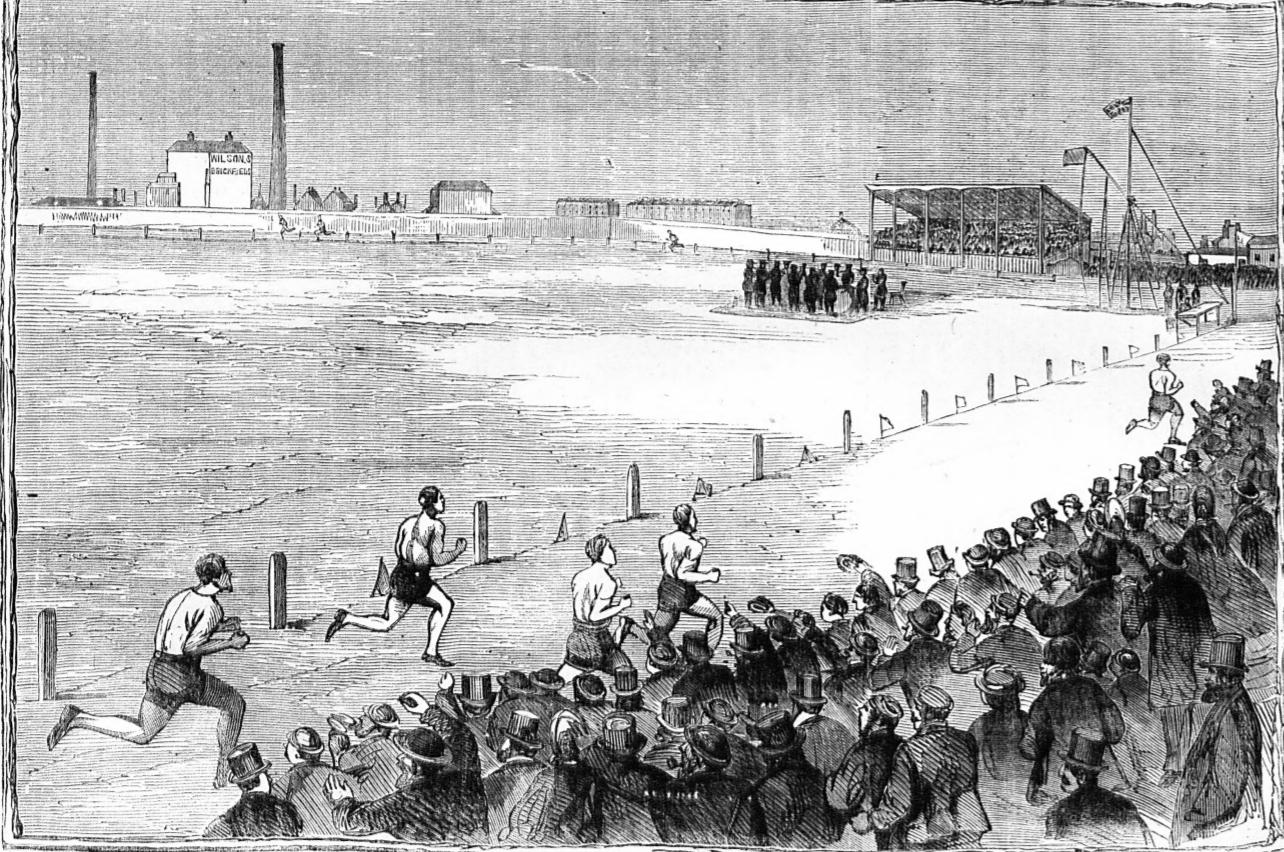
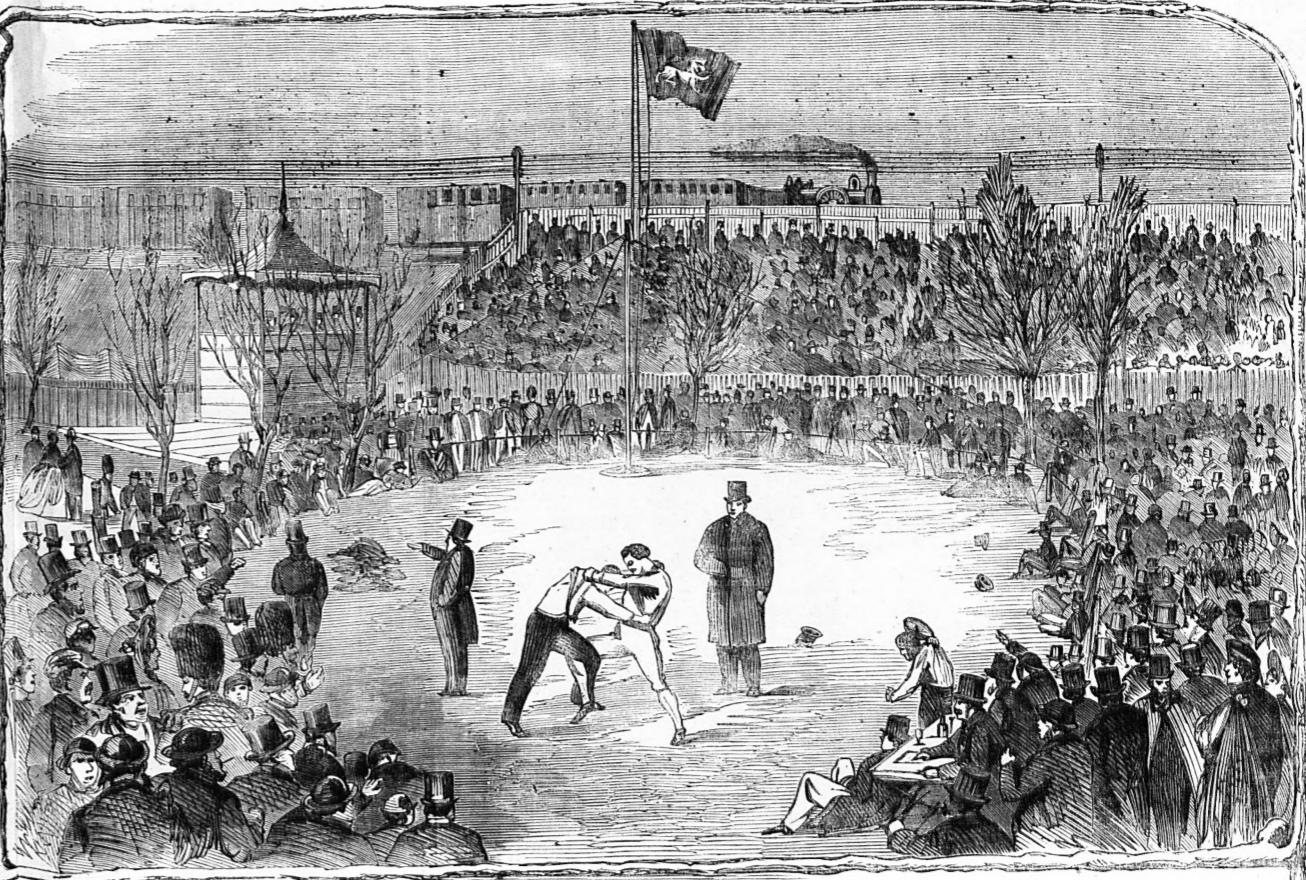
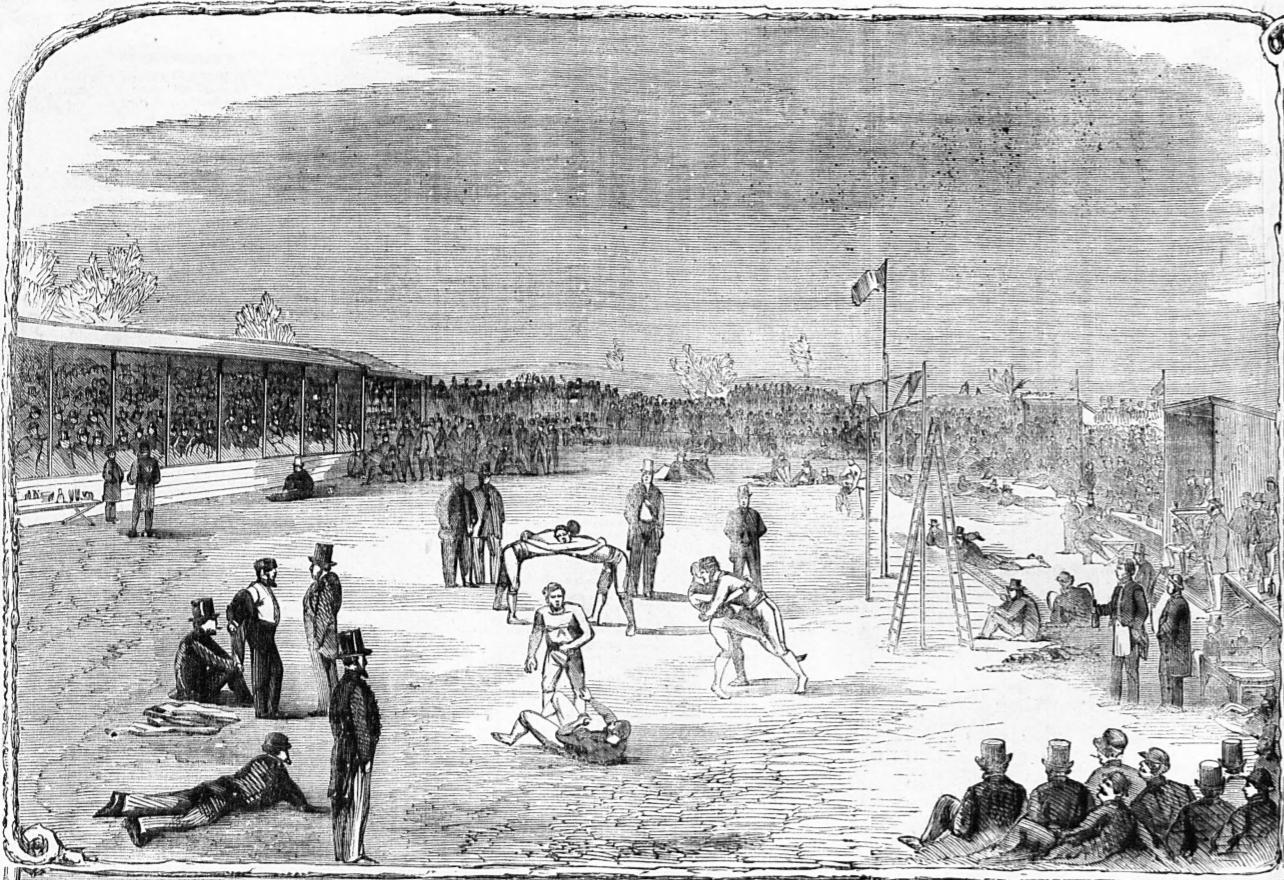
"The Enchantress," an operatic spectacle, held the boards at Niblo's Garden, with the following cast:—*Stella, the Enchantress*, Miss Caroline Richings; *Ramin*; *the Pirate*, Mr. Peter Richings; *Don Sulivo*, Mr. L. R. Shewell; *Dido D'Aquila*, Mr. Mordant; *Dr. Makomatis*, Mr. E. Lamb; *Pambu Poncho*, Mr. Geo. Andrews; *Numba Jumba*, Mr. C. W. Wilson; *Eunice*, Mr. J. W. Blasdell. The star shining at this house, Miss Caroline Richings, together with her father, are soon to leave for California under the management of Tom Maguire, the theatrical king of the gold diggings.

Miss Lucille Western (sister to Helen Western, now travelling through Great Britain) commenced an engagement at the Winter Garden, on the 23d, in the sensational and highly moral play of "East Lynne." This is her first appearance in our city for some years, when the sister performed together at the Bowery Theatre, since which time they have made wonderful progress in their profession. In every city where Miss Lucille has performed this piece her success has been very remarkable, and we shall see whether or not she can redeem the unlucky theatre. Dan Satchell had three nights here on the 19th, 20th, and 21st.

Wallach's Theatre is still running fine old comedies. Here is the week's programme:—2nd, "Sketches in India"; 24th, "Henrietta"; 25th, "Ernestine," and "The Little Treasure"; 26th, "The Busy Body"; 27th, "Fair Heart Never Fair Lady"; 28th, "The Irish Heiress."

Barnum has got little Minnie Warren and Commodore Nutt at his New York Museum, and Mr. and Mrs. Tom Thumb are exhibiting themselves "on their own hook" at one of our lecture rooms.





HORNSEY WOOD.—CUMBERLAND AND WESTMORELAND WRESTLING.  
PRINCE OF WALES GROUND, BOW.—THE THREE-MILE HANDICAP.

HACKNEY WICK.—DEVON AND CORNWALL WRESTLING.  
BROMPTON.—DEERFOOT AND LANG RUNNING THEIR GREAT TWELVE-MILE RACE.

GOOD FRIDAY AT THE PRINCIPAL METROPOLITAN SPORTING GROUNDS.

(From Drawings by our own Artists.)











